. . . . THE . . . .

Flowing Source.

By A. T. QUILLER COUCH.

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III.

Some three months after this, and on an exceptionally fine morning in September, Master Simon put Harmony, his celebrated traveling hen, into her traveling hamper, and marched over to the cross-roads to take coach for Illogan, in the mining district where the matches for the championship cup were to be flown that year.

Now Ann the cook had ventured no less than five pounds upon Harmony. Five pounds represented half of her annual wage, and a trifle less than half her annual saving. Therefore she spent the greater part of the following afternoon at her window, gazing westward in no small perturbation of spirit.

It wanted a few minutes to five when a carrier pigeon came traveling across the zenith, shot downward suddenly, and alighted on the roof. Ann climbed

Her Eyes Opened Wide When They Fell on the Handwriting.

to the trap-door and put out a hand. The bird was preening his feathers, and allowed himself to be taken easily.

In circumstances less agitating Ann had not failed to observe that the thread about the messenger's wing was not of the kind that Master Simon used. But her eyes opened wide as they fell on the handwriting, and still wider as she said:

"It is all for the best, perhaps. If only people have not begun to talk.—Prudence."

A second messenger arrived toward evening with word of Harmony's success. But the news hardly relaxed Ann's brow, which kept a pensive contraction even when master arrived next evening, and poured out her winings on the table from the silver challenge cup.

She wore this frown at intervals for a fortnight, and all the while maintained an unusual silence which puzzled Master Simon. Then one morning he heard her in the kitchen scolding the tap-boy with all her pristine heartiness. That night, after mulling her master's ale, she turned at the door, saucepan in [illegible] and coughed to attract attention.

"Well, Ann, what is it?"

"You've been philanderin' "

"Hey! pon my word, Ann——"

Ann produced the Widow Waddilove's note and flattened it out under Master Simon's eyes. And Master Simon blushed painfully.

"Are you going to marry the woman?" Ann demanded.

"I think not."

"I reckon you will."

"Well, you see, there has been a hitch. She won't leave the Pandora's Box, and I'm not going to budge from the Flowing Source. If a woman won't put herself out to that extent—— Besides, she cooks no bett[illegible] you."

"Not so well, [illegible]sn't thinking, by any chance, [illegible]ing me?"

"Ann, you [illegible]y brazen! Well, [illegible] to tell the [illegible]uth, I wasn't."

"That's all ri[illegible] because I've gone and promised myself to a young farmer up the valley."

"What's his name?"

"I shan't tell you; for the reason that I've a second to fall back on, if I find on acquaintance the first won't do. But first or second, I'll marry one or t'other at the month end, and so I give you notice."

Master Simon sighed. "Well, well! I must get out as best I can with Tom for a while." Tom was the tap-boy.

"Tom's going too. I bullied him so this morning that he means to give notice tomorrow; that is if he don't save himself the trouble of running off to sea."

"The twelfth in five years!" ejaculated Master Simon, stopping his pipe viciously.

"And small blame to them. Married man or mariner—that's what a boy is born for. Better dare wreck or wedlock than sit here and talk about both. Take my advice, master, and marry the widow."

Ann carried out her own matrimonial program, at any rate, with spirit and determination. Finding the first young farmer satisfactory, she espoused him

"You're a Very Obstinate Woman."

at the end of the month, and turned her back at Flowing Source. And Tom the tap-boy fulfilled her prophecy and ran away to sea. And the old inn leaned after him until its timbers creaked. And the autumn floods rose and covered the meadows.

Master Simon sat and smoked, and made his own bed, and accomplished some miserable cookery in the intervals of oiling his duck gun. Even duck-shooting become a weariness when a man has to manage gun and punt single-handed. One afternoon he abandoned the sport in an exceedingly bad temper. [illegible] pulled up to the jaws of Dustley [illegible] there he landed, and [illegible] in the marshy bottoms had the luck to knock over two brace of woodcock.

He rode back with his spoil, and was making fast to the ferry steps, when a thought struck him. He shipped the paddles again and pulled down to Ponteglos. The short day was closing and already a young moon glimmered on the floods.

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The woodcock was cooked to a turn; juicier birds never reclined on toast. The waitress removed the cloth and returned with a kettle; retired and returned again with a short-necked bottle, a glass and spoon, sugar, nutmeg, and a lemon; retired with a twinkle in her eye.

"To fortify you," said Mistress Prudence, rubbing a lump of sugar gently on the lemon rind.

"The night air," Master Simon murmured.

"Against the damp house you're going back to," the lady corrected.

"You talk without giving it a trial."

"As you talk, in your parlor, of deep-sea voyages."

"As a ship's captain you would respect me, perhaps?"

"No, for you haven't the head. But I should like your pluck. If I saw you setting off for sea in earnest, I would run out and give you a chance to steer a woman instead of a ship. You would find her safer."

Master Simon emptied his glass, rose, and wound his great comforter about his neck. The widow saw him to the door.

"You're a very obstinate woman," he said.

And with this he unmoored his boat and rowed resolutely homeward. A strong wind came piping down on the back of a strong tide, and Master Simon arched his shoulders against it.

"Married man or mariner," it piped, as he rounded the first bend.

Master Simon pulled his left paddle hard and rounded the bend.

"Married man or mar——"

Crash!

His heels flew up and his head struck the bottom boards. Then, in a moment, the boat was gone, and a rush of water sang in his ears and choked him. He saw a black shadow overhanging, and clutched at it.

Mistress Prudence stood in her doorway on the quay, as Master Simon had left her. In the room above, the waitress blew out her candle, drew up the blind and opened her window to the moonlight.

"Selina!" the mistress called.

Selina thrust out her head.

"What's that coming down the river?"

A black, amorphous mass was moving swiftly down toward the quay.

"I think 'tis a haystack," Selina whispered, and then, "Lord save us all, there's a man on it!"

"A man?" cried the widow, shrilly. "What man?"

A voice answered the question, calling for help out of the river—a voice that she knew.

"What is it?" she called back.

"I think," quavered Master Simon, "I think 'tis the roof o' Flowing Source!"

Mistress Prudence ran down the quay steps, cast off the first boat that lay handy, and pulled toward the dark mass sweeping seaward. As it crossed ahead of her bows, she dropped the paddles ran to the painter, and flung it forward with all her might.

The Pandora's Box Inn stands on that is left of Flowing Source hangs on the wall of the best parlor—four dark oak timbers forming a frame around a portrait, the portrait of a women of middle age and comfortable countenance. In the right-hand top corner of the picture, in letters of faded gold, runs the legend: Uxor bona instar navis.

(The end.)

AUDIENCE HAD TO BE NICE.

Actor Frawley Relates an Incident in His Experience.

Dale Frawley, once a newspaper man, now an actor, tells the San Zan Francisco Call: At one little place called West Union, in Iowa, we had the oddest experience I ever yet met with. We played in a hall thirty feet under ground that had formerly been two saloons, and the stage being composed of two dining tables. Though the theatre was packed with people, we might have bee playing to wax figures for all the interest they exhibited in the play. There was not one laugh or sign of aplause from beginning to end of the performance. We noticed a man going up and down the aisles but did not pay much attention to him until he became behind the scenes after show and was introduced as the proprietor of theater—the ex-saloon keeper.

"Pretty nice lot of an audience," he remarked to me, with the pride of ownership.

"Yes, quite a lady-like one," I answered, "very gentle and timid."

"They've got to be. I walk up and down the aisles with a club, and if I see anyone making a noise, I throw him out."

And that accounted for the silence. The people stood in such awe of the saloon-keeper that they did not dare to smile.

TOWN WITH NO GOVERNMENT.

Queer State of Affairs at Humboldt, Kan., Appears in Litigation.

In the United States circuit court of appeals, at St. Louis last Saturday, was filed the transcript of the record in the case of Peter A. H. Jackson vs. the city of Humboldt, Kan. Jackson sued the city on bonds aggregating $86,500, and the city filed a plea to the jurisdiction on the ground that the officers of the city had not been summoned. The record, says the Globe-Democrat, discloses a story of a town without officers and without government except such as the citizens voluntarily furnished. Some fifteen years ago, for reasons that do not appear, there was a partial disorganization or discontinuance of the city government, and for twelve or fifteen years the town was run by citizens, who got together whenever occasion demanded and did what appeared should be done—levied taxes, directed street improvements, etc. About once a year the meeting ordered an election, and whoever was chosen mayor was called mayor, but more by the way of a joke than seriously. One of the depositions said that matters were run by a "lot of people" and money was disbursed for things that had to be done and should be paid for. There was seldom a question put to vote, and no one could remember whether there was ever an adjournment; some one would say it was time to go and they all got up and went. Service was had on McElroy, who was "mayor" in 1894, and on the city officers of that year, but McElroy denied having ever been mayor of the city, and the others swore that they had never been city officers.

Upon a trial of the question of service a large amount of testimony was taken, involving the way the town was run; and the Kansas federal court held that McElroy was a good enough mayor for service, and the service on the others was good; and then the case went to trial and there was judgment for the plaintiff against the city for $81,438. The city appealed.

There was also filed in this court yesterday transcript in the case of Quincy A. Shaw versus Murry M. Kellogg, from Colorado. It was a suit for the possession of a mining claim located by the defendants under the act of 1869, allowing the selection of lands not mineral, and the question was whether the lands were mineral or not. Judge Hallett rendered judgment for the defendant and the plaintiff appealed.

OUR NATIONAL ANTHEM.

Here Is an Authority Which Contends That the Star-Spangled Banner Fills the Bill.

What is an anthem? Strictly speaking, it is a composition in prose or verse sung antiphonally—that is, by two voices or choirs respectively. The word comes from the Greek, antiphona (anti, over against, and phone, voice). The root of the Greek is Sanskrit, and means simply to speak. The antiphonal form of the anthem is both Greek and Christian, and is to be found today in the ritual of every church which makes music part of its worship. This meaning of the word, it is agreed by the highest authorities, has disappeared. Its second significance is a musical composition or sacred motet usually set to verses of the psalms or other portions of the scriptures and sung as an integral part of public worship. In neither the first nor the second sense is it applicable to a secular poem, set to music intended to express or symbolize love of country. Anthem, says the new "English Dictionary on Historical Principles" (Philological society, Oxford), is an inappropriate title for national anthem. "It has, however, now been so generally adopted that it would be pedantic not to use it."

The validity of a national anthem need not be sought behind the word. It makes little difference how novel meanings come into universal speech. Once they are universal the door is closed on mere verbal archaeology. A national anthem is that combination of melody and words which is identified with a nation in an exclusive sense. In this sense "The Star-Spangled Banner" is the American national anthem, in the same sense the "Marseillaise" is of France, and "God Save the Queen" that of England. It is true that "America," the words of which were written by an American, Samuel Francis Smith, is to the tune of "God Save the Queen." That anthem is not, however, strictly speaking, national, because the government of the United States has officially recognized "The Star-Spangled Banner," and also "Hail Columbia," which was originally General Washington's march, the music being by a German named Phyla, or Fayles, leader of the orchestra for the old John street theater in New York. The melody was first played, so far as is known, on the occasion of Washington's first visit to that playhouse.

Do Not Need a New One.

There appears to be no good reason to doubt that the germ of all national songs is to be found far back among folk melodies anterior to the time when nationalities in the present sense existed. The air of "America" and of "God Save the King" or Queen, is not English. Its first adaptation to words is obscure. The air itself was known as a folk song among various peoples. It is the Danish national air, it is the Prussian national air and it is the German national air. Its age is beyond conjecture. In musical science it is akin to the old Gaelic, Scotch, or Irish "Ellen Aroon"—a ballad, "Franklin Is Fled Away," first printed in 1669, showing this relationship.

We have, therefore, as much right as Saxon, Norman or Dane to avail of that which comes down the centuries, a common heritage of mankind. That a melody is English and that we should not sing it with a sense of nationalization by ourselves is a mere superstition. The air of "The Star-Spangled Banner" is admitted to be that previously adapted to "Adams and Liberty." Written by Samuel Arnold, of Oxford, it was baptized at the revolutionary font by Robert Treat Paine, jr., son of a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

The music of national anthems being a common appropriation, the test of nationalism lies in the words and the circumstances of the marriage of the melody and the poem. Thus tested, no question whatever can arise concerning "The Star-Spangled Banner," "Hail, Columbia," or "My Country 'Tis of Thee." To raise the question is, on the side of language, mere pedantry, and on the side of music unfamiliarity with the ethics of adoption.

There is no reason in history or sentiment why the American people shall not pay to any one of these the deference which every other nation having what is conventionally called a national anthem renders to its own. That is to say, when any one of these three airs is played in the open it should be received with applause and cheers. When sung in an inclosure it should be listened to standing and be participated in with enthusiasm and love.

THE JUDGE'S SOLILOQUY.

(Picked up on the bench at Bloomsbury county court after Judge Bacon had mistaken a "New Woman" for a man.)

"Is this a woman that I see before me,
In yonder gallery? Come, quickly tell me!
I doubt my eyes; and yet I see a form
Capp'd, collar'd, fronted, neck-tied like a man.
A form, methinks that wears a reefer jacket,
And, possibly—but no! I'll not go on.
Is this same creature as insensible
To feeling as to taste? or is it but
A phantom of my mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from a 'Yellow-Aster'd brain?
I see it still, and in a shape so palpable
I fear it is as true as it is 'new!'
And yet if 'tis a woman that I see,
Why, why, is it that she is dressed like that?
What has unsexed her? what has made her ape
Her lord an master, man, before high heaven?
I see her still—oh! 'tis a woman, eh?—
Then seize her, usher!—nay, I'll not commit her,
What need of that? for she commits herself.
But, in the name of outraged sense, remove her,
Not for contempt of court, but for a crime
Far worse—contempt of her own womanhood!"

—London Truth.

Senators.

From the Detroit Tribune.

"Senators' terms are fixed by law, are they not?"

"Oh, no. Legislatures are free to get whatever there is in it."

HER ANSWER.

What is my answer? Really—oh,
I think you might try to guess;
It is awfully hard to tell you no,
But I simply can't say yes.

I'm fond of you—that I will confess,
And I've let my feelings show
Until you fancy it must be yes,
And you won't conceive of no.

Oh, don't be angry, sweetheart! Don't go—
If I haven't quite said yes
I haven't—now have I?—quite said no.
Oh—I think you might try to guess.

—Judge.

NEW POINT IN TRAVEL.

Bostonians Refuse to Pay Extra for Seats in Parlor Cars.

A party of well-known men returning from the Newport session brought out a point in railroad travel the other day, says the Boston Herald. There were twelve in all, and they included Senator Woods, of Providence; Senator Easton, of Pawtucket; ex-Senator Augustus S. Miller, General John M. Brennan, Attorney Isaac H. Southwick, jr., and clerks of the house and senate. They reached Wickford Junction and waited for the Providence train. When it arrived there was but a single passenger coach outside the parlor cars.

Into this car they crowded with grips and valises, and found the seats all taken and women standing. The delegation got to the rear of the car, says the Providence Journal, and looked toward the drawing room car and its easy seats. Almost all the party were members of the bar, and somebody recollected a recent case wherein the court had decided that the purchaser of a railroad ticket was entitled to a seat.

Whereupon the entire party filed into the drawing room car and picked out some choice resting places. Eventually the parlor car conductor came along and accosted Mr. Southwick. The attorney handed out a little blue ticket which was good for one passage from Newport to Providence. The conductor said he wanted either a drawing room car ticket or 50 cents. The rest of the party agreed that Mr. Southwick would be a fit subject for a test case, and they all made solemn affirmation that if he was arrested they would go out to the jail now and then to see him. Buoyed up by this consolation, the attorney said he had no drawing room car ticket and he wouldn't give up 50 cents.

The conductor made a mental note of it and looked severe. Then he tackled Mr. Miller and was shown the ordinary blue traveling ticket. He made another mental note and was informed that the travelers were not inclined to place any blame on him for the condition. He passed along and every man held up the blue piece of paper. The conductor went and conferred with the conductor of the train. Then the latter came in and gathered up all the tickets.

The twelve men enjoyed the ride to Providence, and there was no squad of officers to meet them upon their arrival. One clerk of the house who was on the train with a lady gave up $1 to the parlor car conductor upon demand. When he saw the action of the others he asked the man in uniform to return him $1. That official smiled and went on punching tickets.

WASN'T INTERRUPTED AGAIN.

The minister of a congregation in an agricultural district was greatly annoyed Sunday after Sunday by the unruly conduct of the junior members of his flock. When any one of the younger representatives of the gentler sex got weary of the evening service she would invariably rise and go out. A moment later her admirer would seize his hat and sheepishly follow her. To such an extent would this course of action prevail that by the time the discourse was finished only the old people remained for the conclusion of the service. Mr. Jones concealed his chagrin for several weeks, but at last he firmly resolved to act. A youth grew drowsy one Sunday evening, and, picking up his hat, stepped into the aisle. But the minister's keen eye was upon him, and, to the culprit's dismay, he stopped short in his sermon.

"Young man," said he, "the girl who went out last is not the one you wish to walk home with. When she goes I will let you know at once. Please sit down. After this when a young woman goes out I will call on the proper young man to take care of her."

The minister resumed his discourse. There was much tittering and considerable anger, but his sermons were not interrupted again.—Hartford Times.

She Was Frank.

From Illustrated Fashion Review.

She—Yes, I am very fond of pets.

He—Indeed. What, may I ask, is your favorite animal?

She (frankly)—Man.

"Off."

"And now how will you have your hair cut?" said the voluble barber.

"Off," answered the angry customer.

And the barber cut on.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.